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JUDITH MILES;

What Shall be Done with Her?

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CHAPTER XXII.

SO GOES THE WORLD.

It occurred to Mrs. Brazee that Judith's eighteenth birthday would be a very proper occasion for a party, and as it would fall upon Thursday of Easter week, that was the day selected for the return of the invitations of the whole season. As it had been so long deferred, it was to be made as gay as pomp and circumstance could make it. Judith herself, having been chosen as the central object around which the gayeties were to revolve, was specially adorned for the occasion; Mrs. Brazee having presented her with a crimson silk, to which the crimson brocade she had long ago given her was made to add elegance as陪衬 to the mass of silken puffs and flounces above it. A little white lace, white gloves and a white robe in her crown of shining curls, made her toilet all that could be desired.

The party was a success, from every point of view. The weather was fine, everybody came, the music was excellent, the supper delicious, the dancing enchanting, and the belle of the evening was the handsome debutante, Judith had said, at the Cliff House, where she had first seen waiting, that she wished she could dance. She had no need to now. Her dancing master had found no difficulty in imparting the Terpsichorean art to a person so formed for every expression of grace in motion. Again and again had Judith whirled the giddy round with one eager candidate after another, and the evening was well spent, when Major Floyd offered his arm for a promenade.

"You must be weary of dancing, like the bride in the 'Mistletoe Bough,'" said he, leading her away from the dancing room. "It isn't quite fair to keep us old fellows waiting till morning for a chance to speak to you."

"O, I like dancing!" returned Judith, fanning herself vigorously. "Why don't you ask me yourself? You dance, don't you?"

"It would be more correct to say that I have, than to say that I do. And I do not fancy your round dances. I should be jealous if I had a sweetheart, and she whirled about that way, with Tom, Dick and Harry. I was almost jealous of you."

"That reminds me to wonder why you do not have a sweetheart, as you say," returned Judith, looking up at him with smiling curiosity.

"Are you so willing to part with me that you wish me to have one?" he asked, returning her smile with one less unconstrained.

"No, indeed; I should be desperately jealous, without doubt. But if it was for your happiness, why, I should try to be resigned to my broken nose."

"I presume, since you have asked me that question, I may inquire why, amongst all these young gentlemen, you seem to show no favor. I thought young ladies of eighteen always had a suitor or two, whose hearts they played against one another, for the sport of it."

"Is that the custom? I did not know; and it would be awkward beginning to put on such airs now. When I am out of school, and set up to teach others, I shall be too busy to practice them; so my chance for 'flirtations,' as the school-girls call them, will never be great."

"But you do not affect invincibility, I hope. You expect to fall in love and marry, sometime?"

"O, dear, I should hope not," said Judith, laughing. "I have my debts to pay, you know?"

"Your husband should pay your debts. You will marry rich, of course? That is the ambition of all well-regulated young ladies," answered the Major, carelessly.

"I should like to be rich," said Judith, yielding to a movement of her companion and permitting herself to be seated in a window-recess.

"I must hide you, if I mean to keep you five minutes," he said, drawing the curtain between them and the swaying crowd outside, and leaning against the window-frame. "Do you know I envy you to-night? What power there is in beauty! But you do not play yours off to advantage, as you might, and as women have a right to. It is their capital, as society is organized."

"A talent for making the most of my capital never was mine," Judith replied, with a reminiscent smile.

"Which is the reason nature is so prodigal to you. To those that have, shall be given; seems to be the rule. Have you not something to tell me about this last fortnight?"

Before Judith could reply, two ladies in conversation passed on the other side of the screen which concealed her from view, and a word was dropped that held her silent.

"Major Floyd!" said one lady, in a tone of surprise. "You must be mistaken."

"No, I am not mistaken," declared the other lady. "If he is passing himself off for an unmarried man, and paying attentions to this Southern beauty—what is her name—Miss Miles—he is a

wretch. I knew his wife before they were married. She brought him a handsome fortune and a loving heart, poor girl! And now that she is a hopeless invalid, he has abandoned her." And the two ladies moved on with the throng.

Judith looked up inquiringly to her companion, too thunderstruck to take in the whole meaning of what she had heard. She expected him, too, to contradict it, to show that there was an error in the lady's statement. But instead of that, he stood there silent, with a blanched face, and bent brow, biting at his beard, evidently a man detected in something he was unwilling to confess, but confessing his guilt by his silence.

Judith rose up, her bright looks all gone, her face as pale as his. *Et tu Brute* was the nature of her thoughts. But it was not for her to charge him with anything. His case was different from Mr. Shultz's. The only thing that was quite clear, was that there could be no more of the old familiarity, no more patronage, no bachelor friendship here. Once more the world had slid from under her feet, and she stood alone, on nothing. The sigh with which she arrived at this climax of her thoughts recalled Major Floyd to himself.

"I would not have had this happen for the world," he said, vehemently. "Oh, the devilry of gossip! Tell me, do you believe it?" he asked, suddenly, as if there still was a chance of evading exposure.

But Judith was too generous to say what she feared. It was for him to tell her what to believe. If it was true, he must say so.

"You are silent, and your face speaks for you. This is no place to explain. I must go back to your guests, and I must go away for to-night. To-morrow I will come and tell you the story. You will not return to Madame M—'s to-morrow?"

"No," said Judith, drearily, thinking of the impossibility of that now.

"Judith," whispered he, rapidly, "don't you lose faith in me. Keep what you have heard to yourself until I have seen you again. I will tell you now that there is some truth in it; and quite as much falsehood; but you shall judge for yourself to-morrow. Will you not give me your hand? Well, then, good-night!"

How abasing is disaster. How it humbles the proud man, and annihilates the humble one. As Major Floyd bade Judith good-night, with that deprecating tone, and hurried away out of the house, it seemed to her as if this man was a stranger, so different was he from the assured, critical, easy-mannered gentleman she had known before. She followed him with compassionate eyes as long as he was distinguishable in the throng, and with compassionate thoughts long after. "For," she said to herself, "I will pity him while I can. To-morrow I may be compelled to blame him. Blaming her friends was what Judith always deferred doing as long as possible.

Recalling as well as she could her company looks, she got through the remainder of the evening without betraying her secret uneasiness. It was a relief to find from Mrs. Brazee's questions concerning the Major's early departure that she had not heard the rumor. Perhaps no one had overheard the gossip but themselves, and it might not be repeated. But that did not alter the fact. The fact itself, and all its consequences to her, occupied her head and heart to the exclusion of every other consideration.

"I congratulate you," said Mrs. Brazee, when the family were left to themselves in the empty, disordered rooms. "I could not be more proud of you if you were my daughter."

"Thank you," said Judith; "I should in that case be proud of my mamma."

"A mutual admiration society," said the Judge, looking from one to the other with critical eyes. "You both look extremely well; but I do not see the use of so many furberlows on ladies' dresses."

"That's what makes them look so extremely well, I suppose," put in Master Freddie.

"Smart boy!" laughed Judith. "That is what they are for."

"I'd be willing to be a girl, if I could look as handsome as Miss Miles," Howard declared, examining that young lady through a telescope of his bent hand.

"I wouldn't," returned Freddie, scornfully, "they are good for nothing but to look at; and I prefer to act—to do, not to be."

"Did not I do your sums for you last evening, and ought not you to be a little less high and mighty, Master Fred?" retorted Judith.

"What took the Major off so early?" inquired Mrs. Brazee. But Judith did not feel called upon to account for his movements, and affected to be busy rescuing from peril a choice vase that stood tottering to its fall on the edge of the etagere.

"The Major is getting to be an old bachelor," said the Judge, looking slyly at Judith, "and cannot endure the rout and rabble of parties. It is time he settled down with a wife and house of his own."

"Military men cannot settle down," corrected Mrs. Brazee, "but there is nothing to prevent marrying, that I

know of. Well, you had all better get to bed, or make up your minds to dispense with sleep altogether."

Judith was glad to be dismissed, and as she undressed and laid aside her finery, thought herself too beset with cares to sleep a wink that night. But she had not much more than laid her head upon the pillow, and resolved to think out her problem, when sleep snatched her away from care and fruitless brain-work—thanks to a healthy organization.

When Major Floyd came, about noon, to call upon Judith as he had said, she went very reluctantly to the interview. She desired to find her friend what he had been, but felt that she should not. All her experience was of a kind to make her despond. She told herself, bitterly, that truth and honor were the ornamental qualities, and wished impotently that it were possible to live without believing in anything. Her agitation gave her color and animation.

"You are looking well this morning," said the Major, going forward to meet her with something of his former cordial assurance, but looking pale and haggard. "Then you have not grieved very much over my wickedness?"

"Are you wicked?" asked Judith; "that is what I wish to know before I grieve, and she seated herself at a little distance, with the air of one who waits.

"Heavens! In that attitude you seem like an inquisitor. I cannot talk to you, Miss Miles, if you do not sit at ease, and smile a little, like yourself. I will tell you before hand I am no ogre, that you must be afraid of me; nor any deep-dyed villain, the revelation of whose deeds will shock you. I am simply a man who is more wronged than wronging; but unfortunately not in a position to submit my case to the world's judgment."

He paused, and seemed to brace himself up for the effort; then continued, striding across the room, back and forth, his eyes on the carpet, and his right hand busy with his beard.

"That woman said what was true when she said I married a lovely young girl with a fortune; but you will observe that society does not object to that. I loved her when I married her; society does not object to that, either. But I discovered, in the honeymoon, that her friends had practiced a deception upon me, and she had aided in it, by their advice. She was afflicted by epilepsy in a fearful degree, so that I was astonished at the manner in which the secret had been kept. Can you imagine living with a person having frequently the most fearful convulsions?"

"The poor girl, when she perceived my involuntary horror, was filled with grief. She acknowledged by whose advice I had been deceived, and with tears implored me to seek freedom through the law, since neither she nor I could derive any happiness from such a union. But, wronged as I felt myself to be, I resolved to keep her secret and my own. I procured my orders to a distant frontier post, and have been on the frontier, when not in active service, ever since. To this, it appears, society does object. Whether it would do so if the facts were known, I cannot say. I left my wife provided with the best medical skill, and am in constant correspondence with her physician. I know from him that her life cannot be long continued. She herself sends me word that I shall soon be free, and thanks me for my forbearance."

"I suppose society will say that I secure the advantage of her fortune by taking this course; but I have never touched a penny of her capital, and very little of the interest of it. My pay supports me. Yet if I were to make use of her fortune, it could never buy me pleasure enough to counterbalance the pain this connection has given me. That is my crime. What do you say I ought to suffer for it?" he asked, sinking into a chair beside Judith. "Do you think I am wicked?"

Judith found it difficult to reply. Questions of this kind were involved in so many issues, it was not for one of her limited knowledge to decide upon them. Though sympathizing deeply, she was silent.

"Tell me what you think," he said, with a desperate air of defying the result.

"I do not see," answered Judith, reluctantly, "that you have wronged your wife. I should esteem your injury the greater. To me, you do not appear to have deserved blame in that matter."

"In what matter, then? For I see you have made a mental reservation."

"Have you done quite right by me?" faltered Judith, half ashamed to drag her own wrongs before his observation at such a moment.

"By you?" he repeated, giving her a searching look. He was eager to know—she would have been glad to believe—that she felt herself wronged in a way he perceived she was not thinking of.

"If this story gets abroad, it will place me in a very equivocal position. You once told me, when I wished to do something, not wrong in itself, but which you judged to be inexpedient, that I could not defy the opinions of society, even to do right; that society was the stronger, and would crush me. Have you not made me seem to defy public opinion, by keeping me in ignorance of your relations?"

"You are an apt scholar, who con-

found me with my own teachings. It is true. I have made you incur a risk. But you have not forgotten, perhaps, that it was not until all other resources had failed, that I sought to save you from the heedless selfishness of society, by interposing between you and it? Possibly I might have done it more circumpectly than I have. But to a man situated as I am, in the prime of his days on earth, to ignore entirely his social nature, is defrauding himself of the object of his existence, and compelling his own martyrdom.

"I call God to witness, and you to witness, that I have done what I have done, with every respect to you, and with regard to your entire welfare. I did it without laying a single obligation upon you, while I risked my own future peace in the experiment. For it is not in the nature of things that I should become so intimately acquainted with you—should see you ever gaining in beauty and every charm that belongs to the best of your sex—without thinking of a possible happiness."

"Do not look so terrified. Let me finish what I have to say. I have not intentionally sinned—if sin it be to love that which is lovable. I have generally avoided ladies' society; but circumstances compelled me to interest myself in you. And when little by little I beheld unexpected traits of character, as well as constantly developing personal attractions, I yielded, at first reluctantly, at last willingly, to the temptation. You needed what I had to give, for the present. I needed what I should have tried to win for myself in the future—a true, sweet wife. Judith, I love you with a singleness of devotion you will find it hard to match in your knowledge of men; not with any selfish passion, but with every intelligent fibre of my soul; and all the better and more purely that I have had to put such a strong restraint upon myself. If it is wrong, God help me, I know not what is right!"

It was well for Judith that she did not love this man; that the old infatuation for Mr. Shultz had prevented her heart turning to him, and that she regarded him as she might have regarded a generous relative, in whom authority and protection were blended; else, the sight of his trouble might have confused her judgment. As it was, she leaned to her friend's side. He had been so good to her! He was himself so unfortunate, how could she be hard on him? The tears kept springing to her eyes.

"It is a difficult thing to decide—the absolute right of things," she said, gently and sadly. "I suppose it must be determined by our relations to others, and their involvement in our actions. I cannot feel uttering your condemnation. I am under too many obligations to you, and the old habit of personal regard is too strong upon me, yet. I only can say that it must be wrong for you to cherish such feelings as you have spoken of for me. Neither situated as you were, ought you to have given, nor I to have accepted, such aid and protection as you have given me. Kindly as it was meant, it must complicate the difficulties of my position in the world."

"Do not say so, Judith. If you believe in my integrity; if possibly someone of my hope of compensation for past misfortunes may be realized, all is not yet lost. In order to avert scandal, should that woman's story get afloat, I will absent myself entirely, until such time as I am free from bonds. A sufficient sum of money shall be placed at your disposal for you to continue your education at Madame M—'s; or, if you prefer it, you can remove to some institution in the East, out of the way of disagreeable rumors, or the chance of my following you." And Major Floyd eagerly perused her countenance for denial or consent.

"Do you think I would take money from you again, Major Floyd?" asked Judith, with dignity. "Instead of that, my first care will be to repay what I already owe you." Then, feeling that she must seem ungrateful, she added frankly: "But I thank you—I thank you a thousand times for the real benefits you have so generously bestowed on me; and I do not think it wrong to be grateful."

The Major rose and paced the room with those impatient gestures a man uses when he feels that Fate is against him—that he might as well war with wind-mills as wrestle with circumstances.

"You make an end of everything, then? You return to the battle of the babies, according to your lady friends, and dare the dull weight of your loneliness and misery to crush you? O, Judith, Judith, I know you better than you know yourself, and as I will yet find the need of such care as I would give you—will cry out for it in your pain and dread, as a child cries for its mother in the dark," and pausing in his restless movements about the room, he stood regarding her bent head and dejected air, her white hands twisting nervously in her lap, with eyes as moist as her own.

"Think better of it, Judith. Leave a space for consideration. This story will not get abroad at once, perhaps never. In a few days you can quit Madame M—'s, and go far away. I shall tell Mrs. Brazee that I am dissatisfied with this institution, and she will not object,

So long as you go without me there can be no gossip; and in six months we shall both be forgotten."

Judith did not reply immediately. Not that she wavered in her first-formed resolve to relinquish the bounty of Major Floyd. Her pride of character would not suffer the shadow of a reproach. But there was that loyalty in her nature which could not turn coldly from a friend on the requirements of prudence. It was the struggle between her generous impulses and the rigid laws of propriety which kept her silent.

"Judith, do you know that silence gives consent?"

"Not for me," she answered, rousing herself to reply. "If I have been silent, it was because I knew not what to say. I am too sincerely attached to you," she said with ingenuous sweetness, "to be willing to give you pain. I have too much respect for you to reject your advice rudely; yet I feel that it is not safe for me to follow it. You have fallen into error, which your own judgment will correct ultimately. As for me, I must take my life into my own hands, to do the best I can with it, without your help."

"And is this my reward for wishing to make your path smooth and easy to your feet? How hard you are, Judith, to be so young and lovely!"

At this moment another visitor was announced, and Major Floyd, thus compelled, arose to take leave. "I have not given you up," he said hastily. "I shall see you once more, when you have had time to think it over, and seizing her hand, kissed it and clasped it, as if he never could relinquish the owner."

[To be continued.]

THE WIFE OF AGASSIZ.—It may be a fact less familiar to the public, but it is one well known to Prof. Agassiz's friends, that his wife was his complement, and in every sense a helpmate. What the Professor lacked in order, method, or business habits was abundantly supplied by Mrs. Agassiz. It was her graceful and assiduous pen that wrote and put into more classic moulds the Professor's ready English. It was her constant encouragement and stimulus that supported the Professor in new and difficult undertakings. Her counsel was always listened to with respect. It is safe to say that we should not have had so many of his works put in a permanent form in English if it had not been for her earnest co-operation. The Professor, as all knew, was a ready lecturer, and always delivered his addresses without manuscript. In all his lectures and speeches near home, Mrs. Agassiz accompanied him whenever possible, and took copious notes and thus preserved the thought for future use. All his communications for the press passed through her hands. She wrote much from his dictation, attended to a great many of his business details, and in a thousand ways forwarded his work. Every word of praise we bestow on the silent dead is as unuttered recognition of her who shared alike his labors and his rewards. Let us hope that she who knew him better than any or all of us, may crown this life of devotion by completing and giving to the world her own record—long since begun—of the genius and work of him whose departure has left such a void in our hearts.—N. Y. Tribune.

COMMERCE OF THE WORLD.—France exports wines, brandies, silks, furniture, jewelry, clocks, watches, paper, perfumery and fancy goods generally. Prussia exports flax, woolens, zinc, articles of iron, copper and brass, indigo, wax, hams, musical instruments, tobacco, wine and porcelain. Germany exports wool, woollen goods, linens, rags, corn, timber, iron, lead, tin, flax, hemp, wine, wax, tallow and cattle. Austria exports minerals, silk, thread, glass, wax, tar, nut gall, wine, honey and mathematical instruments. England exports cottons, woolens, glass, hardware, earthenware, cutlery, iron, metallic wares, salt, coal, watches, tin, silks and linens. Spain exports wines, brandies, iron, fresh and dried fruits, quicksilver, sulphur, salt, cork, saffron, anchovies and woolens. China exports tea, rhubarb, musk, ginseng, horns, zinc, shakab, illigree work, ivory wares, lacquered ware and porcelain. Brazil exports coffee, indigo, sugar, rice, hides, dried meats, tallow, gold, diamonds and other stones, gums, mahogany and india rubber. West Indies export sugar, molasses, rum, tobacco, cigars, mahogany, dye-wood, coffee, pimento, fresh fruit and preserves, wax, ginger and other spice. East Indies export cloves, nutmegs, mace, pepper, rice, indigo, gold dust, camphor, benzine, sulphur, ivory, rattan, sandal wood, zinc and nuta. United States export principally agricultural produce, tobacco, cotton, flour, provisions of all kinds, lumber and turpentine.

WOMAN AND FEMALE.—The use of the word "female" for woman is one of the most unpleasant and execrable of the common perversions of language. It is not a Britishism, although it is much more in vogue among British writers and speakers than among our own. With us, lady is the favorite epithet for woman. For every one who is softer and more ambitious sex who is dissatisfied with her social position, or uncertain of it, seems to share Mrs. Quickly's dislike of being called a woman. There is no lack of what is called authoritative usage during three centuries for the misuse of female, as I may show, should I undertake the discussion of Americanisms, so-called. But this is one of those perversions which are not justified by example, however eminent. A cow or a sow, or any she-brute, is a female, just as a woman is; as a man is no more a male than a bull is, or a boar; and no thereby sharing her sex with all the brute creation.—Bural New Yorker.

Mrs. Lucinda Marsh, widow of Major David Marsh, of Litchfield, Conn., left will giving her property to trustees to divide the income among the needy poor of that town.

An Oft-Repeated Story.

About fifty years ago, in a newly settled portion of New York a young farmer wooed and won a pretty young school teacher, and established her as mistress of his humble dwelling, which consisted of living-room, bed-room and pantry. What care she had for carpets, when viewing her snowy floor? Thrifty and ambitious, everything glowed with her touch. I seem to see her now, after having arranged everything neatly within, coming in from the woods near by, her arms full of green boughs, and proceeding to decorate the white-curtained bed and windows, transforming her home into a fairy bower, her bright black eyes and red lips adding to the radiant smile which spoke so plainly of the loving heart within.

Her husband loved this inviting retreat all too well. Tilling the soil had no charms for him, and so, hiring a man to do that, he stayed indoors with his books.

Four years passed in this way, and three little ones were looking to him for bread. The wife had economized and struggled along as best she could, and at last, in despair, she said to him, "If you must read, why don't you read something that will support your family?"

At this suggestion an inspiration seized him, and jumping to his feet, he said: "I will! I'll be a doctor!"

The patient wife was willing to struggle on with this object in view. The medical books were purchased, and he commenced to study in earnest. The little farm was sold in order to live and pay college expenses. They removed to town, and the wife boarded two students, to help along. She milked the cow, brought in the wood and water, prepared the meals, washed and ironed, cleaned house, made the clothing for the whole family, and took care of the babies night and day, sick and well—in fact, taking every care from her husband, that he might study.

In the meantime, a fourth little one was added to her care; but she struggled on, and felt paid for all when her husband stood before her, diploma in hand, and announced that he stood first in his class. But the end is not yet. Their means are all gone, their wardrobe very low, and they must seek a home in some other country, and trust a good Providence for a practice that will support them. But hope, beautiful hope, lights the pathway of the courageous wife.

They remove to their new home, where a fifth responsibility claims their love and care. But the husband soon gains a fair practice. She milks the cow to his profession, he still leaves all the care of the family to his wife.

At forty, they have a pleasant home and the husband a lucrative practice; the elder children are well educated and fitted for usefulness—the youngest can not walk, but the mother's work is done! Her tired body is laid away in the grave!

Her children mourn her, but her husband is soon consoled. In a few months another takes her place.

Has the father forgotten his oft-repeated assertion that "his children should have an education, if nothing else?" They are not now seen regularly, neatly clad and with clean faces, at the village school; but are permitted to grow up as best they may, till old enough to "shift for themselves."

After while the second family are old enough to attend school, which they do regularly. In due time they are educated and self-supporting. The father dies, the wife is old, and she is glad that all their little fortune is bestowed upon the second wife and her children!

If mothers are accountable to the law for the treatment of their children, why should not fathers be? For the old couplet is as true as ever— "A mother's mother till the days of her life, And a father's father till he gets a new wife."

LIVE CATTLE MEASURE.—Rule for estimating weight of live cattle. First, take the animal standard square; then, with string, take his circumference just behind the shoulder-blade, and measure the feet and inches; this is the girth. Then measure from the tip of the ear, which plumbs the line with the hinder part of the buttock, and direct the string along the back to the fore part of the shoulder-blade, and this will be the length. Then multiply the girth by the length, and the result will be the square of the girth. Suppose girth of bull 3 feet 4 inches, length 6 feet 3 inches, which multiplied together make 3 square superficial feet, and these multiplied by 25—the number of pounds allowed for each superficial foot of cattle measuring less than 7 and more than 5 feet in girth—make 750 pounds. When the animal measures less than 9 and more than 7 feet in girth, 31 is the number of pounds to be estimated for each superficial foot.

And suppose a small animal to measure 2 feet in girth and 2 feet in length; these multiplied together make 4 feet, which multiplied by 11—the number of pounds allowed for each square foot when the cattle measure less than 3 feet in girth—make 44 pounds. Again, suppose a calf or sheep, etc., to measure 7 inches in girth, and 3 feet 5 inches in length; that multiplied together makes 16 square feet, and these multiplied by 16—the number of pounds allowed for cattle measuring less than 6 and more than 3 feet in girth—make 256 pounds. A deduction must be made for animals half fat of one pound in twenty from those that are fat; and for a few that have had calves, one pound must be allowed in addition to the one for not being fat upon every twenty. Dimensions thus taken are sufficiently correct for valuing stock.

An inebriate, some little time back, got into a car in Boston, and became very troublesome and annoying to the other passengers, so much so that it was proposed to eject him; but a genial and kind-hearted reverend doctor, who was also a passenger, interposed for him, and soothed him into good behavior for the remainder of the journey. Before leaving, however, he scowled upon the occupants of the car, and muttered some words of contempt, but shook hands warmly with the doctor, and said: "Good-day, my friend; I see you know what it is to be drunk."

"INVISIBLE" WRITING.—A solution of cobalt nitrate may be used to write with upon unglazed paper, and the characters will be invisible. Hold it before a fire, and the characters will be distinct. A solution of sulphate of copper will also be invisible, if weak enough, and may be plainly seen if washed with a little ammonia.

Dickens and his Wife.

The history of Charles Dickens' marriage is simple enough. He was at that time earning about thirty shillings a week, and met Mrs. Dickens, then a moon-faced, fair-haired, even-tempered, round-waisted, good-natured, but very common-place English girl; one of those women the light of whose ambition is a large family. Little cottage, a new dress, a big bow and a merry Christmas. She was an honest, virtuous, simple-minded, slightly romantic woman, whose heart was in her home. Charles Dickens at that time was a young man of very nervous temperament, with unbounded self-esteem, and who would have made a good husband had he not been so successful. It was after the birth of their second child, a young man, that he realized the importance of doing something to add to his *pot au feu*. He himself has often described with what fear and trembling having a sick wife and two children to support began to haunt him, and an unlimited number of small creditors watching him—how he approached the great, big, yawning editor's box of Chapman & Hall, and drew out a first-class ticket, as was called "Sketches by Box." How astonished he was a few days after to see an advertisement requesting "Box" to call on the editor, and with what joy and trembling he returned to his home, and told his wife he had been offered £30 a chapter for his "Sketches." The era of Dickens' "Sketches" constituted the happiest days of Mrs. Charles Dickens. Once she was the writer heard how Dickens would read them to his wife and daughter wildly around the room. With the close of the "Sketches" began Mrs. Dickens' troubles. To better understand the gradual change in Charles Dickens' treatment of his wife, it is necessary to analyze the character and training of the so-called common-place English girl. In this country the women easily adapt themselves to their position in life. In fact, in this country, the woman generally rises superior to the man. Not so, however, with the dull, good-natured, loving English girl. She, from her earliest childhood, is brought up in a circle whose views are narrow and whose education is extremely limited. The monotony of her existence is only broken by her regular attendance at church and the weekly washing. If she goes to the Crystal Palace she will stare vaguely at a Correggio and make quaint remarks when brought in contact with a *chef-d'œuvre*. Her circle of acquaintances as she sits in the *buffet*, or dining-room. Her circle of acquaintances will be among her class, and that class of society, like herself, sees no beauty in art, nor can appreciate true genius. This is the character of Mrs. Dickens—a truly good-natured, loving, motherly woman. So long as Charles Dickens had to buffet against adversity, so long was he contented with his first wife. But as soon as Charles Dickens began to be courted; as soon as he found he was on the road to immortality and fortune; as soon as he began to mix in society, and realized the extraordinary fascination of mixing among the upper classes, Charles Dickens, for the first time, looked down upon his little wife, who could not do justice to the name of her husband. There is no mystery attached to the separation.—Corr. New York Herald.

INEXPENSIVE HAPPINESS.—The most perfect home I ever saw was in a little house into the sweet incense of whose fires went no cooking-stove. A thousand dollars served for a year's living of father, mother and three children. But the mother was the creator of a home; her relation with her children was the most beautiful I have ever seen. This is a dull and common-place man was lifted up and enabled to do good work for sons by the atmosphere which this woman created; every inmate of her house voluntarily looked into her face for the key-note of the day; and it always rang clear. From the rose-bud or clover-leaf which, in spite of her hard house-work, she always found time to put by our plates at breakfast down to the spoon she had on hand to be read in the evening, there was no intermission of her influence. She has always been and always will be my ideal of a mother, wife, home-maker. If to her quick brain, loving heart and exquisite face had been added the appliances of wealth and the enlargements of a wider culture, here would have been the ideal of home, as it was, it was the best I have ever seen.—Helen Hunt.